

THE DAILY HERALD

THE HERALD COMPANY.

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OFFICE, THE HERALD block, corner West Temple and First South streets, Salt Lake City.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.
DAILY, PER MONTH.....\$5.00
DAILY, PER YEAR.....\$50.00
SUNDAY, PER YEAR.....\$10.00
Semi-weekly, per year.....\$12.50
Semi-monthly, per year.....\$25.00

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WASHINGTON BUREAU.—1420 New York avenue, N. W.
UTAH BUREAU.—Utah Loan and Trust company building, W. L. Wattis, manager.Address all remittances to THE HERALD COMPANY.
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What did Santa Claus bring you?

"Christmas comes but once a year, therefore let's be merry."

Everybody seems to want war but Corbett and Fitzsimmons.

A merry Christmas to all. Peace on earth, good will towards man.

The Cameron resolution seems to have stirred up a bayonet's nest.

Congress has done one good thing—it has adjourned for two weeks.

The senatorial fight in Utah will probably make a scrap of history.

The race war in Kentucky has closed. The toll gate war will now open.

Why doesn't somebody settle the coffee and sugar war with an egg?

This much is certain: that jingoism is not the advance agent of prosperity.

The next installment of Christmas will be here with the first good sleighing.

It being a holiday, there will probably be no bank failures announced today.

It must have been a flood of prosperity that washed away the Bank of Illinois.

Spain is determined to uphold her honor even if she cannot uphold her authority.

Russell A. Alger snuffed the battle from afar, and has returned to participate in it.

Why not send Sherlock Holmes to Cuba to ascertain the truth about Maceo's death?

In Rockford, Ill., it is far safer to sing "Come into the Garden Maud" than "Oh, Promise Me."

A great many people who expected to get something nice in their stockings only put their foot in it.

Judge Texas Angel of Halley wants to be a senator from Idaho. The United States senate is no place for angels.

The Ohio office-seekers are not allowing the grass to grow under their feet, not even on Major McKinley's front lawn.

He who is not happy over the happiness of the little ones this morning must be a strange being who never was a boy.

Mr. Cleveland started north at the same time that Lily of Hawaii started south. They missed just like Gabriel and Evangeline.

Why should Governor Bradley be worried over mob murders in Kentucky? They have become a recognized institution of the state.

"A man is never beaten until he admits it," says an exchange. That may be, but he is often knocked senseless before he knows it.

Seventy-one people in Utah voted for Palmer and Buckner. They should feel highly complimented for it is a surprise that even that number could be found.

Chicago does not get 4 cent fares, Mayor Swift having vetoed the ordinance providing for them. He wishes it understood that there is nothing small about Chicago.

Tom Platt says: "I have considered Dr. Parkhurst mentally unbalanced for some time." Dr. Parkhurst has considered Tom morally unbalanced for a long time. And there you are.

The Courier-Journal very properly remarks that Minister Hannis Taylor should be careful. To give out newspaper interviews is not regarded as one of the duties of the diplomat.

Secretary Carlisle's optimism regarding government receipts reminds one very forcibly of the man who told Noah he did not think there was going to be much of a flood when he was invited into the ark.

William F. Vilas says that he will be glad to quit the senate. This gladness came over him when he found that the complexion of the Wisconsin legislature was such that he had no chance of re-election.

If the country is going to war with Spain over the Cuban question, first through recognition of Cuban independence and then through becoming an ally of Cuba, it is better that it go in all at once rather than by slow and certain steps.

THE HAPPY CHRISTMAS TIME.

Again it is the happy Christmas time. But are all happy? Let us hope so, but if any know where pain and sorrow are, let them go there and carry with them what measure of joy and happiness and peace, blessed peace that best of all boons, they can.

At this season every heart should be filled with that same love for our fellow man which made so beautiful the soul of Him whose birth the joys of the season commemorate. We call it the children's season, and it is theirs more than that of the elder people. In them life is young and pure, and their innocent and joyous prattle makes the world better and brighter. In them are the hope and promise of all that is to be. Truly, of such is the kingdom of heaven.

In our own Utah, in our own mountain home, where the valleys seem richer, the mountains grander, the sky bluer and the stars brighter than elsewhere, peace and happiness reign. If there is not that prosperity all would like to see, there are not that distress and poverty which exist in some parts of the land. It is the first Christmas the people have celebrated since they entered the Union as a state, and that they live in a state where they choose their own officials is another cause why they rejoice. When we look all around we see something to regret, but more to rejoice over. The future has in store for Utah many great blessings, and the state will become a great and glorious one. The Christmas of the future will be as happy and as merry as ever they were. The present one lacks deep snow on the ground to make it as merry as might be, for there is no merriment that can quite supply the fling of the sleigh bell. On this morn, this happy morn, The Herald wishes its readers and all the world a Merry Christmas.

Rise, happy morn; rise, holy morn;
Draw forth the cheerful day from night;
O Father, touch the east, and light
The light that shone when Hope was born.

A VERY SERIOUS CHARGE.

Within ten days past the United States have been on the verge of a war with Spain, and the danger is not wholly passed. That which brought about this danger was the Cameron resolution declaring for the recognition of Cuban independence. Before the senate committee on foreign relations agreed to adopt the resolution Secretary of State Olney appeared before it and defined the attitude of the administration on the question with which it dealt. He also defined that attitude in a published interview. It was that the recognition of the independence of any country was within the executive and not the legislative province. The committee fortified its position with a very voluminous report showing what the practice of this government had been in cases similar to the present one. Concerning this very report, upon which the contention of the senate will stand or fall, Mr. William E. Curtis, the Washington correspondent of the Chicago Record, writes as follows:

The recklessness and indifference of the committee on foreign relations are illustrated by the fact that the report which accompanied the Cameron resolution and was submitted to the senate this morning was not written by any member of that body, nor by any person connected with either house of congress, and it is said to have been adopted without having been read. The authorship is attributed to Mr. Henry Adams and Mr. William Hallett Phillips—the first a literary gentleman and the latter a lawyer in this city—who have been much interested in the Cuban struggle. Mr. Phillips having been acting as the attorney for the Cuban junta. It is scarcely credible that men like Mr. Sherman, Mr. Cullom, Mr. Morgan and Mr. Davis of Minnesota, in so serious a matter that involves the peace and the honor of the country, would attach their names to a declaration of law, principles and facts which was prepared on the outside of their committee-room without taking the opportunity to verify or even to read it. But this is only one of several similar instances since the Cuban agitation began.

That is a most serious accusation, so serious that it calls for investigation at the hands of a special committee of the senate. It is positively stated that the report not only was not written by any member of the foreign relations committee, but that it was not even read by the members. That was a very, very long document, and it was more or less of a surprise to the country that it should have been prepared so soon after the resolution was framed.

But this is not so serious a matter as that the drawing up of this report should have been entrusted to the paid attorney of the Cuban junta, that is, if the charge be true. If it be true that the attorney of the Cuban junta drew up that report, or that he was even consulted concerning it, either for authorship or for other purpose, it is a most scandalous piece of business. If it be so, it will alienate a vast amount of American sympathy from the Cubans, while the junta will find that its interference in American affairs will be resented; it will become even more unpopular than ever Citizen Genet was.

It seems incredible that what Mr. Curtis states is correct, yet those Washington correspondents are pretty cautious and very conservative when it comes to such matters as this. At all events, it calls for investigation, for it conveys the idea that the people and government of the United States are being "worked."

CUBA'S CLAIMS.

The San Francisco Chronicle discusses our Cuban policies at length and in a very conservative manner. It reviews the question from a standpoint from which it will ultimately be viewed by the whole country, that of the business interests of the American people. It concludes that no very radical step will be taken by the present administration, and then proceeds to state what will be the probable course of the McKinley administration. It says:

On the whole we do not look for any immediate intervention in Cuba. McKinley, involving, as any drastic procedure would, that quick depreciation of all seaboard commercial and stock values so imminent to the programme of prosperity. Whatever the claim of Cuba may be upon the next administration it is not so strong as the claim

of the business interests of the country for a long season of rest from excitement and disorder. Neither is it stronger than the claim of American ship-builders to feed and profit by access to the routes of ocean commerce untroubled by hostile cruisers. There might come a time when Spanish atrocities would counsel action; but Spain proposes to run no risks and will avoid, most of all things, giving us a casus belli.

The claims of the business interests of the country upon the present congress and upon the next administration are certainly stronger than those of Cuba or any other country. This fact should not, and will not, shut the eyes of the people to the great struggle now going on in Cuba, nor to the merit of the cause for which the patriots of the island are fighting. The American people are deeply interested in all people who are striving for freedom and the right of self-government, and in the Cuban struggle they have more than a sympathetic interest, but that interest so great that they should imperil, temporarily at least, their own business and commercial interests? That is the question. Arthur's knights alone could afford to go forth into the world and champion the cause of right and the oppressed regardless of consequences. Modern nations cannot afford to do this.

The thing for the American people to do is to consider what will be the consequences to them and their business and other interests if intervention in the struggle now going on between Spain and Cuba, for any recognition of Cuban independence or belligerency will almost inevitably result in armed intervention, no matter what may be contemplated at the outset. The great danger is that congress may act precipitantly and without due consideration of all the consequences of such precipitant action. In matters of such grave moment congress not only can afford to act slowly and deliberately, but it is its solemn duty to do so.

WISDOM FROM A WOMAN.

Mrs. Hetty Green is famous for her wealth and peculiarities. She is becoming even more famous for her wit and wisdom. Only a few days ago she told a couple of angry debaters in a street car who were discussing politics, that there was a time for all things, and that the time for talking politics was during a campaign, and not after it was over. Solomon could not have hit off a happier saying.

Mrs. Green's latest political utterances have to do with trusts, and she talks about them in a way that is straightforward and business-like, and which shows that she grasps the problem as it is. On this important topic she says:

"If I could vote I would be a Democrat, because I am opposed to trusts. The trust is the big political question of the day. It destroys competition, and competition is the life of trade. Trusts keep young men with small means from getting into business in a small way."

"The public has the wrong idea about fighting trusts, however. My way would be to get after the individuals who form a trust, instead of attacking the corporations. The majority of the stockholders of a corporation are innocent or any wrong intent. They are against trusts, too. If the corporations are attacked they suffer."

"Now if, instead of attacking the corporation, the public would look for some vulnerable points about the financial leaders of such schemes, the right policies would be suggested. The conspiracy charge might work in some cases. In other deals fraud could be discovered. There have been very few railroad reorganizations in which some fraud was not committed."

"The way to get at the trusts is to get after the leaders and then fight. Fight for a funeral. That's the way I do."

She is right when she says the trust is a big political question of the day, though it may not be the biggest question. It is the question that Secretary Olney, when attorney-general, did not dare tackle; it is the question which his successor, Mr. Harmon, has not dared to touch; it is one of the questions that will test the administration of President McKinley; it is the question that will test the strength of our internal industrial freedom.

The lady is absolutely right when she says that the way to get after the trusts is to get after the leaders. She indicates as clearly as possible where the trouble lies. No greater truth has been uttered about the reorganization of railroads than this: "There have been very few railroad reorganizations in which some fraud was not committed."

Mrs. Green recognizes that the enemy of trusts is the Democratic party. So it is. Her talk on trusts shows that she is possessed of an unusually large fund of good practical business sense.

THE HOLIDAYS AND CONGRESS.

The adjournment of congress until after the holidays are over will be a good thing. Members of congress will meet with their constituents and come in touch with the true public sentiment on all the important issues of the day. Since the meeting of congress the members have been playing politics more than anything else, and saying what the people want when they really did not know what their desires were. Members will find that they have been somewhat mistaken as to just what the people voted for in November. They will be made to realize that those Democrats who joined with the Republicans to defeat Mr. Bryan and elect Major McKinley surrendered their tariff views very largely, and that the Republicans did so, too. There was a tacit understanding that the question of tariff should be kept in the background. Tariff having been kept in the background during the campaign, they will probably find that what is wanted is a strict attention to business and no extreme legislation one way or the other.

The country has passed through a long campaign, a campaign that was earnest in the extreme, and the people now desire a rest and a chance to recuperate from the long business depression. They want a chance to restore their fallen fortunes, and they know this cannot be done if congress continues to keep the country in a ferment of excitement for one cause or another. The holiday adjournment cannot but have a very salutary effect on the members of congress.

Many stories of Magician Herrmann are being told. This is one that has not been current for some years. An admirer of his skill, a lady, met him at a social gathering, and asked him

if he really could transmute a fifty-cent silver piece into a ten-dollar gold piece. He assured her he could. He did so, at her request, and she was delighted. Congratulated upon his cleverness by another friend, he replied, with a sigh: "Ah! it was very clever and I appreciate your congratulations. But the trick cost me just nine and a half dollars." They say Herrmann died poor. Small wonder.

The Italian factory at Brescia is manufacturing an immense quantity of fixed ammunition for the Spanish government. Why did not our ammunition makers get a rustle on them and secure the contract?

The trusts created by Tilden's will are being smashed all right. But they were beneficial trusts.

If cowboys go to Cuba to fight, no one need be surprised if some of them become buccaners.

SOME EDITORIAL COMMENTS.

Kansas City Star: Ninety-eight American citizens are reported as abiding in Palestine awaiting the second coming of Christ. In the meantime suffering from the necessities of life. The wisdom of these people is of the same variety as that of the country people who hitched up and drove to the county seat to witness the eclipse.

Pittsburgh Post: In the three great states of New York, Pennsylvania and Ohio, William J. Bryan received 1,483,348 votes, and Palmer, the candidate of the bolting gold Democrats, 232,230. On what terms is the anxious inquiry, will the Democrats admit the 1,483,348 Democrats to full communion in their select church?

Chicago Record: It is to be hoped no wicked toper will view the fact that some people have died from drinking excess whiskey and covering the moral that every one ought to drink genuine whiskey.

St. Louis Globe-Democrat: It is well to bear the fact in mind that a good deal of war talk is coming from statesmen whose organs of combativeness is located in front of their ears.

San Francisco Examiner: If any report should become current relative to illness of Mr. Bryan it can be ascribed to malicious gossip. He is desired to "thoroughly digest" the president's message. Mr. Bryan is a strong man, but even the best constitution may become overtaxed.

A New York divine healer says he can cure disease by "touch." We presume he heals his patient and heals himself by the same "touch."

A BIT OF CHRISTMAS GLOW.

Rocking, rocking, to and fro,
In the dreary olden days,
Grandma with snowy hair
Tracing pictures in the glare—
Then stockings in a row
(Bright the flames and brighter glow):
Visions now of fondle beds,
Girdling lasses' golden heads,
Grandma's smiling in the glow;
Rocking, rocking, to and fro!Rocking, rocking, to and fro,
Shadows lengthen, fire burns low,
Aches ever follow blaze,
Mists obscure the brightest gaze,
One, another stocking's gone;
Someone learns to live alone;
Thinking on those bygone years;
Someone's eyes are dim with tears;
Grandma's weeping in the glow,
Rocking, rocking, to and fro!Rocking, rocking, to and fro,
Soft, and sweet the mellow glow,
Patter, patter, down the hall,
"Dran-samma!" the voices call;
All untroubled now, the hours pass;
In your dear big wooden chair?
As she kissed them—"What do we do if the waves are too rough?"
Grandma's saying in the glow,
Rocking, rocking, to and fro!Rocking, rocking, to and fro,
Stories of the long-ago,
Grandma's little girls and boys,
Cuddling grandma's golden nose;
Baby forms are closely pressed;
Once again to grandma's breast;
All untroubled now, the hours pass;
Snaps and crackles higher, higher—
Amber locks and locks of snow,
Nodding, nodding, in the glow!

WIT AND HUMOR.

Truth: First Trump—Do you expect to go to heaven, Willie?

Second Trump—Curt: I ain't never done nothin', hev I?

Puck: A life insurance agent may be described as a man who procures policies for people who don't want their lives insured.

Brooklyn Life: Dasha-way! I don't think I could stand it if I loved that girl any more.

Cleveland—Why not?

Dasha-way—I might want to marry her.

Puck: Papa—Don't you think he is a little bit of a snob?

Friend—Yes. Do you know, I've observed that most babies are very large for their age?

New Castle Chronicle: Accounted For.

"Papa—Willie, where are those apples you got out of the cupboard?"

Willie—They are with the gingerbread that was in the cupboard.

Puck: A Bright Future.—Ikey—Fader, I got dot chob in der stock broker's office.

Fader—So? Mind your work, Ikey, und some day you might be vun of dem Wall street sharks.

Detroit News: Self-Sacrifice.—"Al! Al!" gasped the dying man. The brave girl heard him and burst into a momentary weeping from her wheel, she punctured both her tires with all possible haste.

Truth: Not Worried.—Asmodeus—I see that some of these preachers are drawing tremendous crowds.

Mephistopheles—Idle curiosity, my boy, idle curiosity. I think we'll have a substantial plurality.

Roanoke Gazette: Too Obliging.—Reporter: That fellow who wanted his name put out of the paper called in today. Oh, he was mad?

Editor—What about?

Reporter—It seems we kept it out.

Tit-Bits: Mrs. Henry Peck (whose mother has been visiting them for over four months)—I don't know what to buy mother for a Christmas present, do you?

Mr. Henry Peck—Yes! Buy her a traveling bag.

Truth: Unanswerable.—Little Clarence (in a question)—Pa?

Mr. Callipers—Well, my son?

Little Clarence—Pa, how did the man know the first name of the barber?

Harper's Bazar: Mrs. Smith (thoughtfully)—I'm afraid that tonic the doctor left for him.

Smith (anxiously)—Why, isn't he any better?

Mrs. Smith—Oh, yes! But he has slid down the banisters six times this morning, broken the lamp, two vases, a pitcher and a looking-glass, and he doesn't feel as if I could stand much more.

TALES OF THE DAY.

Sizing Them Up.

Chicago Evening Post: After the two hours from the city had superintended the unloading of enough traps and baggage of all descriptions to equip an expedition into the heart of Africa they bunted up the proprietor of the little backwoods tavern to ask about a guide. "We want to go out on what line you know in the woods," they explained, "and we want a good man for a guide, of course we don't want to pay him much, but we want a lot of him." "Lots of 'em," answered the proprietor. "You kin get all kinds of guides here."

"Well, we want the best that can be had for money, and we don't care what cost," said one.

"There's two or three kinds of beasts in this business," returned the proprietor. "There's the Bill, fr instance, he probably knows more about these here woods than any other fellow here, but he does in a week. He kin take you to some more frequented places, an' hustle you around faster than any other fellow in this section."

"Just the man for us," said the spokesman of the two. "Where is he?" "Then there's Hank," continued the proprietor, without noticing the question. "I s'pose he knows more about the game an' the best way to get it than any man who ever lived in these parts. He kin gin'rally scare up something when nobody else kin."

"Then he's the man for us," said the spokesman. "We came from the city to make a record."

"Make a record?" repeated the proprietor.

"That's it exactly. We want to make a record in the hunting line that we can boast of when we go back."

The proprietor went over and sized up their pile of baggage, including everything that was latest in the way of hunters' equipment.

He said at last, "I'll send for Jim. He's the man for you."

"What's Jim's special qualifications?" they asked.

"Why, he's the best liar in this state," replied the proprietor. "If you can't make a record with him there ain't no use tryin' for it with anyone else. At first I thought you was jest on more for the huntin' an' I was goin' on that basis, but I kin fit you out to bust records jest as easy, if that's what you're after."

No Right to Ask It.

Chicago Tribune: Customer—Say, that shirt you've got out there in the showcase is to come, isn't it?

Merchant—Yes, sir.

"I see it's got a No. 15 neck, too. That's the size I wear. I want one just like it."

"Yes, sir. Here's one that we think is a little better at the same price."

"This doesn't suit me as well. I want one of the same kind as that one out there."

"Yes, sir. How will this style do? You notice it has a better binding around the—"

"No, that isn't what I came in to buy. I want a 50-cent shirt of the kind you're exhibiting in that showcase. How many times have I got to tell you?"

"That's no better shirt than these I'm showing you. In fact, it isn't as good. We haven't any more shirts like that, anyway."

"All gone but that?"

"All right. I'll take that one."

"Well, I guess not. That's my sample."

THE CHRIST DAY.

Home-bringing and home-loving and home happiness are the bright features of the Christ-day throughout the metes and bounds of Christendom. Calmness is the heart, and dead to all impressions of light and gladness, which is not quickened to gentleness and unselfishness upon the natal day of Him who taught the broadest humanity and the most disinterested love. Had Dickens written only of Christmas, he should occupy a commanding place in the affection of humanity because of the cheery scenes he pictured and the cheery halos he cast about this day of all days in the year. The very paths, which at times seemed a part of himself, when he wrote, quickened and brightened under the light of that day till it was nearly divested of all its sadness.

The tragedy of Calvary was years after the birth scene at Bethlehem. The Godchild had not yet grown up to man's estate and wrap about him the mantle of infinite Deity before He became a man of sorrows acquainted with grief. The Christ-day tells of the virgin mother and her glad smile of joy as she looked upon the face of her newly born child. It recalls the cherubic song of the angels that startled the shepherds of Salem and the effulgent star that guided the wise men to the manger in which He lay.

It brings out of the past the happy circumstances of those who were led to the Divine presence, bringing with them gifts of gold and frankincense and myrrh. So, too, clearer than when first uttered, because now better understood, is heard after the lapse of 2,000 years the heavenly promise of peace, good will to men. Comes also the teaching of mercy, forgiveness and charity as substitute for the older law of eye for eye and tooth for tooth.

When He came the dark night of cruelty and wrong and oppression rolled away, ushering in the gray dawn of an era of love for love, for gentleness and prayers for those that use their neighbors despitely.

The example of the sages who came as gift-bearers is universally followed. It is most in that it should be so, because the heart that gives in love has a sure promise of a blessing from the Lord. The inspiring motive of donations is the love that thinks no evil against the recipient of the favor, and love is the dominant ruler of the heart that is good. The Christ taught nothing if He did not teach the infinite beauty of home life that is built upon love. The heart that loves and is cheerful gives freely, thus communicating pleasure to others in the radiant glow of love, gentleness and happiness to the donor in that he perceives he has communicated happiness. Love is contagious, as happiness is contagious, and blessed and thrice blessed is that household which welcomes Christmas with ringing of bells and singing of glad songs, with laughter and merry voices, and that makes memorable the day by tokens of affection, whose value rests in the motive which prompted the giving of them.

Did He sorrow? Not for His sin or folly, did He grieve. Did He sweat great drops of blood in His agony? Then was it that men might be freed from sin and be capable of appreciating a commemorative and imitating the infinite good of His nature. The face that was marred is now lit with the ineffable joy that comes of man's redemption, and from His great throbbing heart all earth's children in love and smiles responsive to the gladness of those homes which make merry and bright the Christ-day, Christmas.

WILLIAM ROSSER COBBE.

How He Stood the Test.

New York Evening Journal: "Charles," she said, tremblingly, "are you sure it is not my wealth you care for? Are you sure you love me for myself alone?"

Charles Harduppe looked startled for the moment, but remained wary.

"What is this?" he asked gently, "that you are stacking me up against?"

"I want to know," she answered, "that you are not marrying me for my money. That you would still care for me if I became absolutely penniless."

"Go on," said Charles, uncompromisingly. "Finish your run."

"Then," said the girl, "you must learn that I have lost everything. There is—nothing—absolutely—nothing left."

"Not a red?" he asked hoarsely, after some silence.

She shook her head and waited for the verdict.

"Say!" ejaculated Charles Harduppe, suddenly. "Does anybody else know about this?"

"Nobody," she replied, wonderingly.

"Not a soul?" he persisted.

"Not a soul," she repeated. "I swear it."

"Then," said Charles, as he took her to his breast, "I still love you. For—"

He kissed away the tear that trickled down her nose.

"If we are smart enough to keep it to ourselves—"

Miss Grolux buried her face in his chest.

"We can live on the credit of your faded millions for at least a couple of years!"

Joy Kills a Prisoner.

San Francisco Chronicle: With his face turned to freedom and the arms of loved ones outstretched to bear him outside the prison walls, with his pardon in his hands, and the hope of a free man in his heart, Joseph Beehan died at noon yesterday in the San Quentin hospital, a free man, though behind the bars.

No man within the walls of San Quentin has had more faithful friends than Joseph Beehan. His sister has been a constant visitor to cheer and

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